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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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PREACHER'S SWEETHEART.

A light shone from the open door of the low log structure that answered the double purpose of church and schoolhouse. The gleam fell upon the yellowish leaves of a paw-paw tree that stood close to the that led to the door. Bayond the paw paw was ran irregular mass that moved restlessly in the darkness.

Observed closely it would have resolved itself into a number of horses tied to saplings, and stepping about noiselessly as they stretched their heads toward the tempting leaves beyoned their reach.

Divine service was going on in the log building, and the tones of the minister floated out into the darkness in solemn cadence. Often they were interrupted by a deep grunted. "-a-amen!" or "U-m-m-ah! Yas, Lord!" the manner in which many worshshipers expressed their approbation of the preacher's utterances. A mounted figure came close to the shaft of light and dismounted. As he did so the stamping of the restless horses reached his ears. Noiselssly he made his horse fast to a redbud stem, and crept through the bushes to where the uneasy equines were tied.

He passed from horse to horse, feeling swiftly over each, as if in the darkness his hands were doing duty for eyes in revealing the merits or demerits of each animal.

The voice of the preacher came clear and strong to the ears of the man among the horses. He liftened a moment as the voice told him, in simple words, the sweet truths of the Bible. Somehow the words of the good book seemed to the man in the darkness to be addressed directly to himself, and presently as he listened, he removed his old slouch hat as reverently as if he had been within the sanctuary.

Then, as the words of invitation and consolation rang out clear and sweet, the man by the horses removed his hand from the neck of a little mare and muttered: "Preacher is a stunner, shore. Reckon I'll leave the filly. Might belong to the preacher, an' bein' a preacher, o' course it's the only hoss he's got."

As he returned to his own animal, he paused again to listen. Presently he dropped the hand that was untying the bridle, and strode into the bar of light that shone from the open door.

"I'll try it," he muttered. "Been a long time since I've set in a church."

His slouching entrance was hardly noticed by the congregation of shock-headed men and sallow-faced women, so attentive were they to the preacher's utterances.

The preacher was a small, pale-faced man, plainly, almost shabbily dressed, and as he stepped awkwardly back and forth behind the rude pulpit, the last comer saw that he was lame.

Presently he rose and slouched out, and, mounting his horse, dashed away down a bridle path, whither he neither knew nor cared. Presently some small animal sprang from the path, and the horse swerved to one side, and the next moment there came a blow on the rider's head as if the great hackberry tree stretched far above had fallen upon him. Then as he fell from the horse, the animal kicked the unconscious man before he had touched the earth.

An hour after, the pale-faced preacher, limping along the path, stumbled over the prostrate figure be neath the great hackberry. The old slouch hat bad fallen from his head, and the blood from a long wound across his forehead had soaked his matted hair.

The preacher's slight form staggered under the task, but by a series of heroic efforts he managed to convey the unconscious man to the little log hut where he lived alone.

It was many days before the sufferer could do more than sit like a helpless child in the old splint-bottom rocker and watch the preacher as he limped back and forth attending to the wants of his unexpected guest. The stranger had been badly hurt. The blow on his head, as he came in contact with the low-hanging limb, had very nearly fractured his skull, and the kick of the horse had broken several ribs.

One day there came a letter addressed in a dainty feminine hand, and the preacher had almost completed his answer when the hour arrived for him to start for the little log church. After he had gone, the invalid saw that the letter and its unfinished answer lay on the home-made table, and without any scruples he proceeded to read both.

"Frum his sweetheart," the invalid said aloud as he finished. "Pore leetle gal! I kin almost seem to see her as I read them lines. Thar she is, 'way back East, waitin' for the day when her lover kin send the money to bring her out yere to him. The time has been mighty long already, she says, but she'll wait for him if it takes half her life. Brave leetle girl! Bids him keep up his courage, for she is shore he'll soon git the money, for everybody's so generous in the West, and will pay him well for his work, she is certain."

The invalid paused, and shook one hard fist at an imaginary auditor.

"Yas, hang ye! Pay him well w'en yer souls git bigger. If you was white, you'd pay more money an' do less gruntin' in church. Look at it!" he went on, with rising wrath. "Yere's a man an' a Christian a-workin' the life outen hi scrippled body to save yer souls, an' in return ye give him jest enough to keep him from plum starvin'. All the whole kit of ye air good for is to raise horses fer me to run off with."

Again he shook his fist at the imaginary auditor.

"That's for ye! Look at it! Yere, for workin' himself to death for yer souls, ye pay him so leetle that the time when he can bring his leetle waitin' sweet-heart West seems years off! Yes, an' yere I am, a doin' ye no good, an' stealin' every one o' yer horses I kin git my hands on. In my case, ye club together an' offer a reward uv $200 jist to git me. Give him starvation wages an' have him all the time, an' offer $200 jisr te have me a few hours! That's reason, ain't it ?"

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and he brought one hard fist down on the table with a thump.

"I'll do it, I will! He shall have his sweetheart, an' that mighty quick."

It was after midnight when the preacher returned, and it seemed to the other that he looked paler and limped, more painfully than usual.

"My friend," the preacher said, presently, "I am glad to have you so nearly recovered, for this house can only shelter you a very few days longer."

"Why?" asked the invalid; "air yes gettin' tired o' me?"

"Certainly not; but the owner of this house has warned me to leave because I am unable to pay the rent, and—"

"What'll ye do now?"

"I do not know. Doubtless I'll see my way out of it all, but I do not now."

"Parson, will yer do me a favor—one more on top o' all you've done for me?" "Gladly, if I can," the young peacher replied.

"Take this note to the leader of the Protective Association—"

"Amos Hudden?"

"That's him. He's a particular friend o' mine, an 'll be mighty glad to see me. Do this right now, and it'll be the last thing I'll ask uv' ye."

The door opened softly, and half a dozen men with weapons in their hands, entered without a word. Not a movement of the invalid's face showed that he understood the errand that had brought these stern, silent men to the cabin.

"Howdy!" he saluted. "Take cheers, gentlemen."

"Jack Harris," said the leader of the vigilantes, "we want you!"

"Wal, ain't you got me?" asked the other quietly.

"Yes, muttered the leader, "and we are a-goin' to keep ye!"

"Wal, I don't reckon I blame ye," Harris answered. "It's been a long time since ye got a chance at me, an I don't wonder ye want to keep me. Did the preacher give ye information?"

"Yes."

"Has he got the reward yit?"

"No, of course not. We ain't goin' to do no cash-in-advance business."

There was the sound of a struggle at the door and a voice crying:

"Let me in! I will go in!"

"It's the preacher," some one said. "Bill's a-holdin' him outside."

A pistol gleamed from beneath the table, and Jack Harris' hard hand leveled it at the leader's head.

"Let him in!" he said, sternly.

The preacher's white face was flushed, and there were tears in his eyes as he limped across the room to Jack Harris' side.

"Oh, my friend," he cried, "what have I done? What have I done?"

"Delivered my note, I reckon."

"Yes: and sold your liberty for money! But God knows I am innocent of any intent to do so." He buried his face in his hands.

"Now," said Harris, sternly, "Hudden, give the parson his reward. W'en the money's in his hand I'll drop this gun. While it's up you know how safe your life is."

The vigilantes conferred for a moment. Then each produced his pocket book and dropped a sum of money into the leader's slouch hat. As the money was poured on the table Harris laid the pistol beside it.

"Thar," he said, "take me."

Then, as handcuffs were quickly snapped upon his wrists, he turned to the young preacher. "Parson," he said, "that'll make you and the leetle girl in the East happy. Good-by."

The young preacher sprang forward. "Men," he cried, "one moment!" Then in tones that thrilled the hearts of the listeners, he told the story of the horse thief's sacrifice. The little group shuffled about uneasily when he had finished.

"Boys," said the leader, suddenly, "I'm boss o'this yere association; ain't I?"

"You air," they answered.

"An' what I say goes?"

"It does, jist that!"

"An' horse stealin' means hangin'?"

"It does."

"Wal, I sentence the prisoner, Jack Harris, to be hung this day week. In the meantime I place him in the keepin' uv Shorty Meyers the leetlest man in the crowd; an' if he lets the prisoner escape I'll fine him $2.50."

Shorty Meyers extracted $2.50 from his pocket and handed the money to the leader.

"Yere's my fine," he said.

"And the preacher keeps the reward?" Jack Harris asked the leader.

"He does!" chorused the vigilantes. "Wal, anyhow, I'll get my rent now, I reckon," said a mop-headed vigilante.

Two weeks later, when the ceremony was over that made the young preacher and the bright, faced eastern girl man and wife, the bride looked fondly into her husband's eyes as she said:

"How much these people seem to think of you, and how generous they are toward you! Have they been so ever since you came out here?"

"No: the change took place only a few weeks ago."

"And who were those stern, rough looking men who shouted so when the ceremony was done?"

"They are the vigilantes."

"As I entered the state," the young wife said, presently, "just such a rough looking man asked my name, and when I told him he said:

"Tell the parson ye saw Jack Harris, an' tell him I hope he'll be happy.' Then he disappeared."

"Heroic Jack!" the young wife exclaimed, when the minister had told her the story.—*Petaluma Courier.*



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My Lucky Escape.

HOW A MAN CAME NEAR LOSING A FORTUNE.

A lucky fellow? Well, yes; no doubt I am. To have come into this fine place and $5,000 a year is a bit of luck for any man.

You never saw my uncle and aunt. They were two nice old people, extremely kind and good natured, but a trifle eccentric. My uncle was a self-made man. He amassed his fortune at cotton spinning. My aunt, before she married him, was a draper's assistant in Manchester.

You really should have seen John Simmonds, the butler, a dear, delight ful, faithful old creature, perfectly devoted to the family, but one of the oddest men you ever saw.

He never took a liberty or presumed on the affectionate regard with which he was treated by them. Yet he often said to them things which if spoken by any o ther servant or in any other manner than his own, would have sounded inexcusable and even outrageous.

"Doan't thee be a fule, master!" I have often heard him say in his broad Lancashire to my uncle when the latter was proposing some step of which his butler disapproved.

When my uncle died—an event that nearly broke John's heart—the faithful servant constituted himself more than ever a guardian of the family interests. He looked after my aunt almost as if she had been a child. It gradually became evident that she needed some looking after too.

Her intellect had begun to fail a little since my uncle's death. And this weakmindedness of hers assumed a most absurd and, for an old lady, a most incongruous form.

She imagined herself still susceptible to the tender passion—at 75. She discovered quite a penchant for flirtations Really it was downright laughable—at first. But the time was not long in arriving when the laughable aspect of the matter grew less pronounced.

There had lately come into the neighborhood a retired major, by name Mallaby, a well-kept individual who looked 45 and was probably 65—tall, handsome, and of ingratiating manners and address.

Anything so flagrantly absurd as an affair between my aunt and this elderly bachelor I had never imagined.

And if it had not been for John, my eyes would probably have remained shut until it was too late. One morning, however, John came into the library, where I was alone reading, with a very perturbed expression on his solemn face.

"Master Charlie," he blurted out, coming close up to me and dropping his voice to a low, confidential pitch, "this won't du."

"What won't do, John?"

"This what's going on between thy aunt and yon major."

"You don't really mean that you think anything serious is likely to come of these foolish flirtations with Major Mallaby?"

"Depends what thee calls serious. Some folk might call marriage serious. Some mightn't. That's what's coming of it, anway."

"Pooh, man! Impossible. Why, aunt is 75."

"If she was 85 and the marrying fit took her, age wouldn't be no hindrance, as it hain't a-been to many silly old women before now," answered John sententiously.

"And I warn thee solemnly, Master Charlie, that if you or I or both of us doan't interfere at once Major Mallaby will marry the mistress, which is the same thing as saying that he'll get her to leave 'im the property, she being in that weak, foolish state as she'll do any thing at the word of one who gets an influence over her."

John's solemn words were beginning to alarm me. I knew he was a shrewd old fellow, by no means the sort to take fright at nothing.

"We mun think, Master Charlie—we mun think what can be done. I'll give the matter my attention, and thee mun give it thine. In the meantime," he added, "keep aboot the hoose, Master Charlie, and if the major calls doan't on any account leave him alone with the aunt."

The major did call that afternoon, and I crried out John's advice, taking care to be present in the drawing room all the time. Very glad, too, I felt that I had not neglected the precaution, for from the way the major kept looking towards me and from the various attempts my aunt made to get me out of the room by transparent subterfuges, I found myself wondering that I had hitherto been so completely and culpably blind in the matter.

Next morning John came to me again, this time with a very long, grave face. In his hand he held an open letter.

"There, Master Charlie," he said. "I've been and done what I have never done before. This letter be for the mistress, but I see it was from the major, and I opened it."

"I say! You shouldn't have done that," I remonstrated.

"Should or shouldn't, I did," retorted John, half defiantly. "And I'm glad I did too. The major offers the aunt marriage in this letter, and he's going to call for his answer this afternoon."

"Phew!" I whistled in great dismay. "What's to be done now?"

"Master Charlie," cried old John very earnestly, "the aunt must be got away this very morning before the major comes. Fortunately, the doctor's coming this morning to see the mistress about her eyes. Now, if you'd see him first, Master Charlie, and confide to him the exact state of the case, who knows but what he'd find the condition of the mistress' eyes so very critical that he'd order her up to London to see a specialist this very day."

The doctor, a chearming old fellow, who had known me ever since I was born, was divided between concern and amusement when he heard what I had to tell him.

"Hem! I've been afraid of this for months. And your aunt is in such a foolish, weak minded state that she would probably yield to him. Hem! She must see a specialist about her eyes shortly. And why not now?"

I was waiting for him in the hall when he came down after seeing my aunt.

"I've been as urgent as I could," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But the declares it is impossible for her to go to-day. However, I met John on the stairs and tipped him the hint. He'll induce her to go if anbody can. He has ruled her so long that he can make her do very much what he likes." I ran up to the morning room. There I found John lecturing my aunt.

"If thee'll not take proper care of theeself, mistress," he said, with determination, "I shall do it for thee. I knows my duty to thee, and I don't forgot my promises to the dear master. I'm going to to telegraph to the Langham for rooms, and I'm going to give Saunders orders to pack thee things, mistress. We shall leave to-day by the 2 o'clock."

About a week later I had a letter from John apprising me of the event which I feared. The major had found out where my aunt had gone and had followed her to town. He had actually been to call upon her that afternoon. Would I go up at once?

John met me, and I insisted on his riding inside with me, in order that he might tell me just what had happened. "About the major, John?" I began at once, with keen anxiety.

"The major's a keen one," replied John, with a to me somewhat irritating deliberation, "and he's a-gone away again."

"Why? What do you mean? Has aunt refused him?"

"She has, Master Charlie."

"Good biz, indeed," I cried. "I was afraid—I was almost sure she—she—would accept him."

"Listen, Master Charlie," said the old man, with an air of suppressed elation. "Thee knowest I have wonderful power over the mistress to make her do pretty well what I likes. I've a-exercised that power, Master Charlie, and I've a-exercised it in such a way as to spoke the major's wheel for good and all.

"I thought to myself: 'Now, if I can find a man as would marry the mistress and not presoom upon it—one as would be content just to be her husband in law and in nutthink else, some quite steady, dependable man as would thoroughly know his place and wouldn't blab—if I can find such a man,' I thought, 'and get the mistress to go through the form of marriage with him—by special license, say, and on the strict q. t.—it would answer the purpose as nutthink else would, for then her marriage with the major would be quite impossible.'

"I looked about for that man. I found him, Master Charlie. I made the mistress marry him."

"He's her husband now in law—though in nutthink else, nor ever will be. But he's spoked the major, and that's all he wants. Cannot thee guess his name, sir?"

"Not you, John?" I cried in amazement.

"Aye, me," replied the old butler quietly.—*Philadelphia Item.*

"Bill" Taxter's Good Sprinting Saved (?) His Life.

Had you been in the vicinity of Depot Square, Wednesday afternoon, you would have witnessed a race, which, from appearances, looked to be a race for life.

"Bill" Taxter has thanked his stars more than once that he is a good sprinter. "Bill" is harmless. This story will prove that.

He was standing by the double gate at the depot, Wednesday afternoon when a little fellow, about half his size, walked up and wanted to go through. "Bill" told him it was against the rules but the man persisted. Then "Bill" learned he was a mute. Motions were brought to bear on the little fellow and he was directed to go through the door.

He went back and tried the express door and found it locked. He came up to "Bill" again, and this time "Bill" beckoned him to go around the corner. Here the mute found the door also locked

This enraged him, as he thought "Bill" was joking. He came for "Bill" with what appeared to be a knife in his hand, and made gestures that he would cut "Bill's" throat. "Bill" let out a war whoop and galloped up and down the square with the "dummy" in close pursuit, waving the weapon with which he was going to cut "Bill's" jugular.

"Bill's" thrilling cries startled the neighborhood, and Officer Delaney, who was near at hand, as he always is when trouble's around, was soon upon the scene and had "Bill's" pursuer in custody. He was taken to police headquarters in company with "Bill." When he arrived there he said he was E. V. Evans, of New York, and was a peddler.

With a piece of paper he challenged "Bill" to fight. He gave his weight as 118 and "Bill's" as 180.

"Bill" evidently was not in a fighting mood, for he was soon among the missing, and when Judge McCutchen appeared there was no "Bill" to make a complaint against Evans and he was discharged.

"Bill's" motto evidently is, "It's better to run away and live to fight another day."

SHEATHING A SHIP.

Yachts built of wood are sheathed with copper, and so are many tugboats. Merchant ships are sometimes sheathed with copper, but nowadays the material most commonly used is a composition metal which in appearance resembles brass.

It does not wear so long as copper, but it costs less. The composition metal comes in sheets about 3 feet by 1 foot 4 inches. They are fastened on the ship with nails of the same material. Sometimes the sheathing is nailed directly on the hull of the ship. Sometimes it is nailed over another sheathing of felt, which helps to preserve the calking in the seams.

When the ship has been placed in a drydock or raised out of water on a floating dock, the old metal is stripped off, and if she is to have a felt sheathing the bottom of the ship is first painted with a coat of pitch, and the sheets of felt are laid upon that, and then the sheets of metal are nailed on over them. The work is done very rapidly and at the same time with great nicety. Every nail head is sunk so that it is flush with the plate. If the hand were passed over the sheathing anywhere, it would be found smooth. If the heads were permitted to project, they would of course interfere with the speed of the vessel.

Seventy-five men can sheath an 1,800 ton ship in two days. The cost of sheathing such a ship with composition metal over felt, including material, dock charges, labor and everything, would be about $4,000, or a little less, and such a sheathing would last about two long voyages.—*New York Sun.*

Hot Water.

For many ailments hot water is the best remedy known. A kettle of hot water should be always on the stove, night as well as day, where there is a family of children.

For croup hot water applied quickly will often give relief. For sprains, bruises, cuts, etc., hot water applications are of great benefit. The water should be as hot as can be borne. For sore eyes apply hot water. Very hot water will generally stop bleeding from a wound.

For dyspepsia and biliousness, a goblet of hot water sipped after half a day, or all night, of fasting, is much better than a meal followed by Epsom salts or pills.

For pleurisy, pneumonia, catarrh of the stomach, soreness of the abdomen, etc., a jacket of cotton batting wrung out in very hot water by means of a towel and covered with oiled silk or waxed paper, is often better than sending for a doctor. A jacket thus applied will put the patient in shape for the doctor's medicine to accomplish its purpose. The beauty of hot water is that it can be had quickly and costs nothing. While hot water is preferable for the things mentioned above, dry heat for some afflictions is better. Pains caused by cold are best relieved by dry heat. Keep the feet near a hot stove just before going to bed, then they should be rubbed thoroughly and woolen stockings drawn on.

Warmth is life, cold is death. My father was a "crank," who reared fourteen children, who were "milk cranks," but he was as much all a hot water as a milk crank. Father did not pay one dollar a year for doctors and drugs during the twenty-eight years he was rearing his fourteen children, and twelve of them are alive to-day, the youngest being nearly threescore years of age. Buttermilk, mustard, hot water, salt, lemon, vinegar, lard, onions, etc., were his medicines.

The Resurrection Clock of India.

Machinery is a monthly journal published at Johannesberg, South Africa. In the latest number just received is an account of a remarkable clock belonging to a Hindu prince, which the editor thinks the strangest piece of machinery in India. Near the dial of an ordinary-looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs, and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of 1, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap; by some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, strikes one blow. This finished, it returns to the pile and again falls to pieces. When 2 o'clock, two skeletons get up, and strike, while at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons, and strikes, each one after the other, a blow on the gong, and then fall to pieces, as before.

Jonah was a good prophet but a wretched sailor—stick to your genius, or you will have to pay the freight on your folly.

A new soda water drink may be made at home and consists of a large spoonful of ice cream with a generous supply of thick chocolate syrup poured over the top.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1899.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong 's also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE abstract of proceedings of the Missionary Council, just published, contains the following on deaf-mute work:

"On the last evening, at the request of the Bishop of Ohio, the Bishop of Missouri read a brief paper on the "Church's Voiceless Ministry," when it was *Resolved*: That the Society known as the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, which is now prosecuting its work among the silent people in the eastern part of this country, be requested to broaden its sphere, so as to include such efforts throughout the republic, and *then* to seek auxiliary relations with the Board of Missions."

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, as at present organized, has more work than can properly be attended to, and to spread out to such gigantic proportions as the resolution suggests, would make the work much less effective everywhere than it is at present. The idea of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes embracing the whole country, is impracticable, as has been demonstrated.

The Church Mission began its work with the "national idea," but in a few years it was seen that the work was too great to be continued under one head. The present proposition is twenty years after date.

When the first school for the education of the deaf was started in Hartford, Ct., the Government of the United States made a grant of lands in the South, under the impression that the school would educate all deaf children in the Union. The fallacy of this idea was dissipated by the establishment of another school—the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb—which was opened a year later. Other States followed the example of New York, because it was very soon seen that these institutions were necessary. They were needed in every State.

Just so it will prove in the future in regard to the Mission Work among the Deaf. What is needed most is not a single mission, but a multiplication of missions and more—many more workers in the vineyard.

IT has been decided that the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, which occurs on Sunday, December 10th, will be commemorated by a Memorial Service at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York. There is a unanimity of opinion in favor of this decision, and the edifice will very likely be filled to over-flowing on that day. The founder of the first school for the education of deaf-mutes in America deserves the homage of all the deaf, without respect to creed. And the services will in no way partake of sectarianism. It is not necessary to be an Episcopalian, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist, a Baptist, or any denomination, in order to be present and render due honor to the memory of him who made the education of the deaf possible in this country. Neither should it be considered that the methods employed in his day are to a great extent superseded by an improved system of instruction. The one point to be remembered is that his object and efforts all worked to the mental cultivation of a hitherto neglected class of people.

There will be addresses by individuals in no may connected with St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, and we believe the platform is open to any and all who wish to say anything pertinent to the occasion.

ROCHESTER.

A pleasant whist party was given in honor of Mr. Charles Critchley, at his house on South Clinton Street, it being the anniversary of his birthday. There was a large attendance. The majority of those present came early and stayed late, and all had a thoroughly good time. He received a number of presents. Among them was a very handsome chiffionier, a gift from the deaf-mutes, and many complimentary remarks, all of which he received in the proper spirit. The evening was spent in card-playing, after which refreshments were served to about thirty guests. The first prize on the ladies' side was won by Miss Tillie Smith, a pretty jewelry case, and the gentlemen's side by Mr. Frank Waikerman, a pocket knife. The two booby prizes went to Mrs. Charles Stein, a clown doll, and Mr. Berham Stevens, a nice bill-book.

Rev. Mr. Mann's wife, of Gambier, Ohio, stopped in Rochester, to be the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer, on her way home from her trip to several points of interest.

The deaf-mutes accepted Rev. Mr. Burleson's invitation to a reception at St. Luke's Church, on South Fitzhugh Street, on the twenty-first anniversary of the Mothers' Club. It was an enjoyable affair, and a large number were present. The large room was prettily decorated, the several tables presented a dainty appearance, that of the ice-cream table being a mass of cut flowers and ribbons. One of the ladies who had charge of the ice-cream table, whom some of them knew, was Mrs. Churchill, formerly Miss Francis Seeley. She was a teacher at the Rochester School.

It is expected that many pleasant evenings will be spent during the winter.

Mr. De Young, of Chicago, was in Rochester, to attend the funeral of his unmarried brother, Tuesday, which occurred on the 24th. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having enlisted September 10th, 1864. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19th, of the same year, and was sent to prison to remain there until paroled by the rebs to go our lines in February. From that time he has been failing in health. Mr. De Young stayed in the city for a week with his relatives.

Mr. William Gibbs met with a serious accident by a fall from a scaffold to the cement walk, a distance of about eight feet, and landing on his head and side, while carpentering at a hen house. A fellow workman saw him fall. He was removed to his home in a carriage. A doctor was called to examine his injuries. No bones were broken. He suffers greatly from the shock and bruises about his side.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lyon, celebrated their baby girl's first anniversary of her birthday, a week ago, Monday, at the institution.

Mrs. Westervelt is now entertaining her cousin, Miss Jarvis, who came all the way from Florida to New York State. She gave a grand reception in honor of Miss Jarvis, Monday evening.

Miss Minnie Ralphoz, a pupil at the school, is said to be insane, and was removed to the farm, and has been there four weeks, with two nurses already. She talks very wildly and very peculiarly. Poor girl.

On Saturday, the 18th of this month, the deaf boys at the school were at Avon to play football with the hearing boys there, and were defeated after a hard fought battle, by the score of 54 to 0. The hearing boys won the victory, but the deaf were praised by them, anyhow. Mr. Charles Smith's ankle was sprained. He is now out of school walking on crutches. This is his last year in school. He will graduate next June, and he has to miss his lessons.

Miss Minnie Bennett, of Geneva, is expected to be in Rochester, to be the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer this week.

Miss Minerva Maylon, of Avon, has obtained a lucrative position at housework in the city.

Mr. Berham Stevens mourns the death of his devoted grandfather, of England.

The engagement of Miss Katherine Germann, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mr. George Davis, of Rochester, is announced.

LULA.

Fifty years ago Austria had seven cities with more than 20,000 inhabitants. To-day there are 32.

NEW YORK.

A Delightful Social Evening at St. Ann's.

THE HAIGHT DIVORCE CASE.

The Union League Nominates Officers for 1900.

[Mr. A. L. Pach's address is 250 W. 125th St. (Room 4) New York.]

The party in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church last Thursday evening proved an enjoyable affair in most respects. Mrs. Buhle and Miss Berley were eager to make it as entertaining as possible, and the audience were equally as eager to help. There were about seventy-five present.

At first there seemed to be going to be some speech-making, but it proved a hoax, as Mr. Hodgson, acting as "official general" of the evening only used up twenty-eight seconds of the minute and a half he assured us was the limit, and Rev. Dr. Chamberlain was so brief in his remarks that he only put one foot on the platform.

A few contests for prizes were indulged in, Jacques Alexander threading the needle in "breffess" time from the word "go," capturing a handsome Dutch pipe with a piece of "gas tubing" so that the bowl can swing under the chin; Ted Lounsbury hemmed some muslin so good that he got a nice cup and saucer with a mustache "ironer" to the cup, and the additional suggestion from many that he had better help his better half in the family sewing; and Mr. M. Heyman guessed "nearest correct" to the number of lemons seeds in a jar, and took away a pretty little pitcher that will be an ornament but not quite large enough to hold a quart of berries. Mrs. Ekardt guessed "wrougest" and got the booby prize of a little Japanese odds-and-ends basket.

Following this pastime came refreshments of ice cream, cakes and coffee. There was one nice cake that would have tickled the palate. It was made and donated by a patron of the church who hoped the people there would enjoy it. They did not. Not that the cake was not good, but because some one saw fit to auction it off, thus robbing the people of what would have been a delightful feast. It was won by one who bid more in jest for 78 cents, and as he got caught, he paid over and sold chances, receiving 70 cents. The cake was worth $1 50 at a first class bakery, but being made especially for the occasion, it was what might be called priceless.

Aside from the little thing, all was in touch with that of the good old times on Eighteenth Street, and all went home feeling well repaid and ready for the next event at St. Ann's.

The Street car service on Amsterdam Avenue is still bad, but it now seems only a matter of a month or six weeks before a splendid trolley car service will be running, and at this from the post office to Fort George, a stretch of over twelve miles, without change of cars, and all for five cents.

The unfortunate troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jansen Haight have been thoroughly aired in Part IV., of the Supreme Court, during the past week, and the daily newspapers have given a goodly allotment of space to the details of the troubles of this pair, whose great wealth even could not purchase domestic bliss. Prof. Weston Jenkins acts as interperter, Miss Esther Spanton is named as co-respondent, and Francis Nuboer is an important witness. During the trial last week, Mr. Haight was compelled to turn over to Mrs. Haight her gold watch.

The Union League met at its rooms last Thursday evening, and the result of the pow-wow for nominating officers for the first year of the new century was the following ticket:

For President.
J. B. Gass.....S. Hirsch
1st Vice-President.
S. Gomprecht.....C. A. Bothner.
2d Vice-President.
Kieber.....Marks.
Secretary.
S. Frankenheim.....E Souweine.
Treasurer.
H. Simonson.....A. C. Bachrach.

The election takes place on December 28th, and January 3d the new officers will be installed. One of the knowing ones tells me that Hirsch, Gomprecht, Kieber and Simonson will win, with the Secretaryship as a doubtful feature.

Wm. D. Stewart, a deaf-mute bricklayer, of Yonkers, had quite a severe accident recently. A nine-foot plank hit him and knocked him through the first floor of a building into the cellar. His fellow workmen went down and finding his injury quite severe, had him sent home in a carriage. He had a narrow escape from death, and it's a matter of great joy to his many friends that he escaped so lightly.

Miss Cummings, of Brooklyn, was quietly married a few weeks ago to a Mr. Anderson, of Chicago. They are now residing in Connecticut, where Mr. Anderson has steady employment. The newly-wedded couple were both former pupils of the Jacksonville, Illinois, School for the Deaf.

For the first time since the present city correspondent took charge, there are events dealing with that great joy, the arrival of a little human being to a deaf-mute couple, and, illustrating the adage concerning the downpour when it does rain, there are three such events, and in each case it's a boy.

When I mention these events as stork visits, my readers will understand that I do so by kind permission of my predecessor, Mr. Theo. Lounsbury, who has "reserved all rights."

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Adler, Mr. and Mrs. Lenahan and Mr. and Mrs. Rosenecker, are the three parents, who have received the "Bounty of the Stork."

Last Wednesday evening, a party of the surprise denomination was tendered to Mrs. W. G. Gilbert, at her home in Brooklyn. The occasion was also the anniversary of her birth, and there was a jolly good time enjoyed by a number of her friends.

Mrs. W. Lyng, of Brooklyn, while on a visit to her married daughter, on Staten Island, died suddenly during the later part of October.

Though the wheeling season is about over, Arthur C. Bachrach enjoyed a spin over Long Island roads to Oyster Bay, L. I., on Sunday last.

Mr. W. G. Jones has moved into his new home on 162d St., and his fellow teachers note that look of worry has disappeared. During the moving agony they all wondered "What happened to Jones."

The *Wall Street Journal* in the current issue, has a full page portrait of Mr. Mott, a brother-in-law of Isaac N. Soper, and as a wee niece of his had her portrait in the *Evening Telegram's* beauty contest, "I. N.'s" next hat may be a size larger, though I wouldn't wager anything on it.

Before another issue of the JOURNAL is printed, the League of Elect Surds will have had their 1899 entertainment on the "have been" list.

Before it's too late, we want to advise all those who are on the "anxious seat," that while the best seats are practically all sold, there are a block of thirty that will be in the hands of the ticket seller for the benefit of out-of-town attendants. Lyric Hall is big, and there will no doubt be seating capacity for all.

Captain Keiser's Company, from Fort Currier, in their new spick and span uniforms and accoutrements, will give a drill that will astonish people who have no idea what a deaf man can accomplish in this line, and the athletics from Fanwood's "gym" classes will give an exhibition worth going a long journey to see.

Then there is Trilby, with LeClercq minus his mustache and plus a blonde wig and a borrowed complexion; but there, I'm not going to anticipate too much, lest I spoil your pleasure, but as a parting word, let me advise you not to be anywhere else but at Lyric Hall, on Monday evening, December 4th, and by the way, be there early, too, for everything is going to be carried out on schedule time.

Wyoming Valley.

James Byron and Harry Leibsohn, of Wilkes Barre, visited Glen Lyon, Pa., to see Harry's sister.

Rev. J. M. Koehler, of Philadelphia, was at Wilkes Barre, to lecture at St. Stephen's Parish House, last Saturday evening. There was quite a crowd from this valley.

There was a tea-party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Davis, at Kingston, some time ago. A few deaf-mutes from Wilkes Barre were there, enjoying themselves.

James Byron is very busy in the shoe factory. He says he could not get any rest or time to visit the deaf-mutes outside of the city.

John Barth is busy in Retreat, Pa., working for Peter Fover & Bro., of Wilkes Barre. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ellise Gearhart, at Old River Road, last Sunday.

Harry Leibsohn, of Wilkes Barre, recently went to New York, on account of business.

William Robinson, formerly of Laurel Run, will come from Honesdale, where he has worked on a farm since August.

There is a deaf-mute at Glen Lyon, named August Bloom, who was educated in the "old country." He is a blacksmith. He lost his hearing at 7 years of age, and is now 33 years old. J. H. B.

Three tablespoonfuls of freshly-made Japan tea with a bit of nutmeg give an indispensable flavor to an apple pie.

She—What is this mineral wool one reads so much about?

He—Mineral wool? Why, that's the wool they shear from hydraulic rams.—*New York Tribune.*

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

An Off Week in Foot Ball.

DEBATE AND TABLEAU.

Brevities.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26, 1899.—The past week has been one of disappointment in foot-ball. Both teams failed in their efforts to get games. Bucknel tried to get a game with the first eleven here, but, as the expense of bringing a team such a distance is more than our treasury can stand, the effort had to be abandoned. The Reserves then made arrangements to play the Georgetown Reserves on Saturday evening, but, after all were dressed and ready to play, a message was received from Georgetown saying they could not come.

But a great game is expected on Thursday, when we play the Young Men's Christian Association. Their team is very strong, and will give us plenty to do to win. Manager Norris is advertising the game extensively, and a large attendance is expected. Georgetown has secured a game with Washington and Lee University, and may draw something from our patronage, but the depletion ought not to be very great. Georgetown and Virginia are to meet again on December 9th, to play off their tie game.

Mr. Pray, the veteran and well-known prestidigitateur, gave an entertainment in the chapel, Friday evening, which was greatly enjoyed by all. Some of his tricks were really very clever.

After the above entertainment, a reception was given in the institution parlors to introduce the faculty and their families, and the officers of the Kendall School and Normal students, to Miss Hieger, Principal of the Primary Department of the Indiana School.

The O. W. L. S. had a meeting Saturday night—the last for the present term. The program was as follows:

DEBATE:—"Is the power of Germany felt so much now as in the past?
Affirmatives, Misses Myers, '03, and Parkinson, I. C.
Negatives, Misses Hutchinson, '03, and Hanson, I. C.

TABLEAU:—Messrs. Hayden, '02, Weidenmier, Goslin, Morris and Moorefield, I. C.

ESSAY:—Goethe, Miss Lindstrom, '01.

SCENE No. 1:—"Faust in a high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber, seated restlessly by his desk."
Faust, Miss Prager, '00.
Spirit, Miss Ohlemacher, '02.
Wagner, Miss Gaillard, 01.

SCENE, No. 2:—"Margaret alone at the spinning wheel." Miss Snyder, '02.

SCENE No. 3:—"Dungeon."
Faust, Miss Zell, '02.
Margaret, Miss De Long, '02.

DECLAMATION:—"The watch on the Rhine," Miss Brizendine, '01.

Miss Montgomery, a friend of Miss Martin and formerly a teacher in the Fanwood School, is visiting in the city.

Mr. J. C. Howard, '95, who is travelling extensively in the interest of the Howard Investment Company, has been spending the week in Washington. Being a lover of foot-ball, the boys called upon him to act as an official in the expected game between our Reserves and the Georgetown Reserves, and he spent several hours studying the rules, even, as he used to study Logic under Prof. Hotchkiss, but all for nothing, as the game failed to materialize, as stated above.

"Prof." Douglass Craig has made extensive preparations to have a Thanksgiving feast of "Possum and Taters." He caught the "possum" on the Green one night last week.

Neesam, I. C., has started an agency for a hand laundry in opposition to the Yale Steam Laundry, which the boys seem to have been satisfied with heretofore. Another one of the "Ducks," hearing of this, set out to hunt up a laundry, which would accept him as agent, but hasn't found one yet.

The Fay boys are building a tennis court in the corner of the campus near the observatory. They propose to make it with a hard dirt, or gravel bottom.

Rev. O. J. Whildin has arranged to have the deaf of the city given reading-room, social, literary and other privileges at Trinity Parish, Corner 3d Street and Louisiana Avenue, N. W.

R. S. T.

Wool Made From Rocks.

M. A. C. Hall, the chemist of the Union Steel Works of Alexandria, Indiana, has succeeded in making pure white wool from limestone rock. The wool is, it is claimed, as pure and soft as sheep's wool, and some Massachusetts weaving firms are using it. The rock used is that commonly used for building stone in Chicago, Ill. It contains about ninety-four per cent of limestone. In the process used by Mr. Hall the limestone, instead of turning into quick lime, turns into a pliable lava, which by a chemical process, becomes soft and white like wool.

A WAR NEWS VADE MECUM.

COMPREHENSIVE AND PHONETIC GLOSSARY OF SOUTH AFRICAN NAMES AND PLACES.

From The London Mail.

The war has brought into prominence the names of many men places, and things few people know anything of, and fewer still know how to pronounce correctly. The *Daily Mail* has been inundated with applications for information on so many different points, that the following small but fairly comprehensive glossary is sure to be of use:

Afrikander (Af-ry-kander.)—A white man born in South Africa of European stock.

Bechuanaland (Betch-you-arna.)—Taken into the Cape Colony in 1895; on west border of Transvaal.

Beira (Byrah.)—Port of Portuguese East Africa at mouth of Pungwe River.

Berg.—A hill.

Bitlong.—Strips of dried meat, used by Boers as provender on the veldt.

Bloemfontein (Bloomfontane.)—Capital of the Orange Free State.

Boomplasats (Boom-plarts.)—Orange Free State defeated here by British in 1848.

Commando (Com-man-do.)—An irregular regiment of Boers.

Commandant (Com-man-daut.)—The chief officer of a commando.

Commandeer (Com-man-deer.)—To requisition; to call up a commando.

Cronje (Corn-jay.)—A Boer General; has been reported killed, probably untrue.

De Aar (De Ahr.)—Junction of lines in Cape Colony; about 500 miles from Cape Town.

Disselboom (Dis-sell-boom.)—The pole of an ox wagon.

Donga (Dong-gah.)—A deep ditch or water hole with steep sides; a gaping crack in the ground.

Dopper.—The ultra-Puritanical Lutheran Church of the Boers.

Dorn.—A village.

Drift.—A ford through a river.

Elandsfontein (Ee-lands-fontane.)—Railway junction between Johannesburg and Pretoria.

Elands Laagte (Ee-lands-laarg-tay.)—Scene of battle with Boers in Natal: British victory.

Ferreira Col. C. M. G. (Ferrairah.)—A discredited Boer jackal, created C. M. G. many years ago for presumed services rendered.

Fontein (Fontaine.)—A spring or, fountain.

Graafreibet (Graf-rennet.)—Excessively Dutch district in Cape Colony.

Gregorowski (Greg-or-off-esky)—Chief Justice of the Transvaal.

Groote Schuur (Grewte Skoor.)—"The Great Granary," residence of Mr. Rhodes at Newlands, near Capetown.

Hofmeyr, Jan. (Hoff-mare.)—Leader of the Afrikander Bond in Cape Town. Chief Dutch wirepuller.

Ingangane (In-gang-garny.)—Station on Natal Railway. Scene of fighting.

Joubert, Gen. (Choo-bare.)—commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal forces.

Kalk Bak (Cork Bay.)—Seaside resort close to Cape Town.

Khama (Karma.)—Chief of the Bamangwato tribe; friendly to Great Britain.

Kloof.—A declivity or ravine on a mountain.

Kopjes (Koppies.)—Small hills or boulders or any rising ground of small dimensions.

Krantz (Krants.)—A valley or cleft between two hills.

Kurveyor (cur-vay-or.)—A transport rider; one in charge of an ox wagon.

Laager (Larger.)—Boer method of forming camp: wagons placed end to end, forming an oblong inclosure.

Leyds, Dr. (Laids.)—Transvaal Minister Plenipotentiary in Europe, formerly State Secretary.

Mafeking (Maffy-king.)—Town in Cape Colony, eight miles from the Transvaal border; besieged by Boers. Col. Baden-Powell in command of defense.

Magaliesberg (Ma-hai-lees-berg.)—Range of mountain near Rustenberg, in Transvaal. Centre of tobacco culture.

Mochudi (Mo-tshoody)—Native town in Bechuanaland.

Naauwport Junction (Nowport.)—On Cape Colony line. Important railway centre.

Nachtmaal (Narcht-marl.)—Quarterly communion service in the Boer Church.

Neck (Nek.)—The saddle connecting two hills.

Pont.—A ferry over a river.

Poort (Port.)—A pass between mountain ranges.

Potschefstroom (Pot-cheff-strome.)—Oldest town in Transvaal; besieged in 1881 war.

Rand—Abbreviation of Witwatersrand.

Reitz, Mr. (Rafes.)—At one time President of the Orange Free State, now Secretary of State for the Transvaal.

Riemdje (Reempey.)—Strips of sun-dried leather.

Rooinek (Rooyneck.)—Red neck. Boer name for Englishman.

Sluit (Sloot.)—A ditch or small watercourse on the veldt, usually dry.

Spruit (Sproot.)—A small river or stream.

Steyn, Mr., (Stain.)—President of the Orange Free State.

Taal (Tarl.)—The Low Dutch language spoken by the Boers.

Tugela River (Too-gay-lah.)—Divides Zululand from Natal.

Uitlander (Oo-it-lander.)—Any man who is not a burgher of the Transvaal.

Veldschoen (Feltskoon.)—Rough home-made boots worn by Boers.

Vierkleur (Fear-clooer.)—The four-colored Transvaal flag; red, blue, and white horizontal stripes, with a broad green perpendicular stripe next to the staff.

Viljoen (Fill-chone.)—A Boer commander. Reported dead.

Vlei (Flay.)—A pond or lake of small dimensions.

Volksraad (Folks-raid.)—The legislative Assemblies of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

Voorlooper (Fore-looper.)—The man or boy leading the first couple of a team of sixteen oxen drawing a wagon.

Voortrekker (Fore-trekker.)—The older generation of Boers who explored the country to the north of the Transvaal in 1837 and later.

Vryheld (Fray-hade.)—Small township in Transvaal.

Vryburg (Frayburg.)—Chief town of British Bechuanaland.

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Milliman will celebrate their Cryistal wedding on Monday evening, December 18th, at their home, No. 8 Hovey Street, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

They were joined in Wedlock in the city of Troy, by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in 1884, in the presence of some forty couples of deaf-mutes of whom Miss Shutts was a bridesmaid, and have always made Hoosick Falls their home. Mr. Milliman is a graduate of Fanwood, both are related to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Burt, of Troy, and request through them and the writer, an invitation to the following deaf-mutes, whose addresses they are unable to obtain: Mr. and Mrs. J. Connerton, Miss Sophia Maers, Mr. John T. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, Miss Annie Palmer, Miss Lena Newkirk, Mrs. Carrie Hogben, Mr. Clarence Boxley, Mr. Philip Johnson, Mr. Henry Held, Miss Mamie Lewis, Miss Annie Costigan, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Van Wormer, Miss Francis Allen, Mr. Charles Mull, Mr. Andrew Keenan, Miss Maggie Flynn, Miss Mary Welch and Miss Mary Toole, of Troy and Albany, and all others whose names they cannot recollect, also the following from other places: Mr. Wilson Carmichael and Mr. Joseph Notley of Schenectady; Mr. and Mrs. Carlman and Mr. Joseph Kinney of Watervliet; Mr. Henry Decelli, Mr. George Gibbs and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gibbs, of Green Island; Mr. Lucius Wasserman, Miss Ella Steelson and Miss Mary Collins of of Amsterdam, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Getting of Waterford, N. Y.; Mr. Charles Getsman, Miss Hodder, and Mr. John Johanns of Johnstown; Mr. and Mrs. John R. Becker, Mr. Bristol of North Easton, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell of West Cambridge, N. Y.; Miss Jennie French of Greenwich, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gero, Miss Clara Daniels, Miss Mary Barbeau and Mr. William Hickok of North Adams, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Small, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sears, Mr. John Bedford, Mr. William White and Mr. Charles Trainor of Dalton and Pittsfield, Mass. They also invite all deaf-mutes whose names may be left out and who live nearby. It will be an all night affair, and all who come will be assured a good time.

DECEMBER 4th IS THE DAY.

Do not forget that on the evening of December 4th, one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever given by the deaf will take place in Lyric Hall, 6th Avenue between 41st and 42d Streets, New York City.

There will be a fine "play," by amateurs, a beautiful drill by deaf boys, and an address upon "The Life and Work of the Late Dr. I. L. Peet," by the Principal of the New York Institution, Enoch Henry Currier, M.A. This will be followed by dancing to continue all night.

Easily Satisfied.

In China a rich mandarin walked along the street. He was richly dressed, and wore many sparkling gems. An old man followed him and bowed to him. He thanked the mandarin for his jewels. The mandarin was alarmed, and thought the old man was a thief.

"Why do you thank me?" he asked, "I did not give you any jewels."

"But you wear them, and I can look at them," replied the old man. "I have as much pleasure from them as you, but you have the trouble of taking care of them and guarding them from thieves. And so I thank you."—*Ex.*

PHILADELPHIA.

Fainted Because She Had to Go to School.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE PARTY.

And a Number of Interesting Items.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Some of the city papers devoted considerable space to a trivial incident a few days since, of which the following is a sample and the shortest one we have seen.

Brooding over the thought of leaving home, Bertha Holloman, 17 years, of 734 Elm Street, Camden, N. J., fainted on the street yesterday and was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital. The girl remained unconscious for several hours, but was finally resuscitated by the physicians.

Bertha is a deaf-mute. Her mother recently decided to send her to the Mount Airy Institution. By the sign code she told her child of the intended parting. For three days the girl brooded over the prospect. Yesterday mother and daughter came over to this city. In the ferry house the girl fainted. A patrol wagon was called. Mother and child were taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital. For three hours they rested, then left for home.

Mrs. Joseph Mayer gave a surprise party in honor of her husband's birthday anniversary, on Saturday evening, 25th inst. The evening was pleasantly spent in games, dancing, and social intercourse. Mr. Mayer was made the recipient of some beautiful gifts.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ormrod, Mr. and Mrs. William Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Townley H. Mondeau, Misses Bessie Matthews, Mary Dawson, Laura Schroeder, Katie Eisele, Katie Buck, Nellie Adams, and Messrs. William Doughtery, Eugene McCarthy, Reed O. Robertson, John Roach, Harry G. Gunkel, and John Kohlmann, Jr.

This being the season when social events are most numerous, it may be well perhaps to point out a pernicious habit which we have noticed so often among some participants of these functions. It is a rather delicate matter to write about, but as we refer to no particular person or persons, we believe no one will mistake our intention.

The habit referred to consists in stripping the dining room table of the delicacies that are left over for stay-at-home folks. At a recent party which we attended, the host and hostess treated their guests to a sumptuous repast, at much expense, and to say that they enjoyed it would be putting it mildly. But our surprise was never greater than afterwards when we saw the hostess besieged with requests to take some left overs to the dear ones at home. Such a spectacle roused our sympathy for the hostess more than for the so-called deaf ones. Her good nature was thus grossly imposed upon. No doubt the reader will agree with us that no genteel person would be guilty of such conduct. It is not the only instance we know of, but it has become a habit among some, as we say. It is different if the hostess, of her own accord, desires to remember some absent friends with things from her table, but she ought not to be asked to give her things to uninvited persons. They are her property as much as the money which bought them.

Mr. James E. Morony has lately removed to a farm of nine acres. It is located at Cinnaminson Lane and Parker Avenue, one mile from Cinnaminson Station, Roxborough.

Mrs. M. J. Syle's eldest son, Edward, is now identified with W. F. Bennett, the hatter, at No. 128 South 8th Street. Edward aspires to become an electrician, and he has just left a better position to enable him to give more time to study, which his present position allows.

The deaf population of the northwestern part of the city has just been increased by two in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. George Zang. They came up from Richmond. Mr. Zang has for a long time been employed by the great Baldwin Locomotive Works, Broad and Spring Garden Streets.

This is the last week of the National Export Exposition, the doors closing on Saturday midnight, December 2d. It has been the Mecca of many deaf from out of town, as well as those hereabouts since its opening. The exposition has been highly successful, notwithstanding adverse reports.

In our previous letter, we forgot to mention the lecture of Mr. Otto Koenig, a German deaf-mute, before the Clerc Literary Association, on Thursday evening, 16th inst. His lecture treated of the moon and its phases, with other interesting matter. Mr. Koenig is becoming proficient in the use of the sign-language and his first show in public was certainly good.

Miss Annie J. Eckenroth, of Reading, who had been in the city since Wednesday, left for home on Sunday evening. She attended the Export Exposition.

Mr. J. K. Forbes, of Pittsburg, is visiting the city on business and pleasure. While here he will place an order for laundry supplies for his establishment. He is also engaged in the printing business with Mr. John P. Deise.

Mr. Lewis I. Ash, of Phoenixville, was a visitor at All Souls' to day.

A Social meeting was held by the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday evening.

Mrs. H. E. Stevens is expected back to-morrow, her return being hastened by the prevalence of a contagious disease at Carlisle, as report goes.

Miss May Stemple, of Stroudsburg is here, and intends to remain permanently.

Mrs. Chas. M. Pennel goes to Moorestown, N. J., with her husband's sister, to stay for one week. Mr. Pennell will spend Thanksgiving at the same place, returning in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Partington's third child, Beatrice, has almost fully recovered from an attack of diphtheria.

Remember the Thanksgiving entertainment at All Souls' Hall. Admission will be charged which entitles one to refreshments. A large attendance is expected.

Nov. 26. '99. J. S. R.

THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

Rev. Mr. Whildin, who has for over two years been trying to "save" the silent folks of this grand but wicked city by holding weekly services here, has decided to try and push his labors further. He is now trying to organize a literary society among somewhat of a hundred residents of the city, and, while we wish him no ill, we fear that he has undertaken something that he is capable of accomplishing. Not that the deaf of the city are incapable of organizing and carrying on an organization, but the large majority decline to take part in either the Sunday services or the proposed society, on account of the fact that the colored deaf are allowed to attend the same services. Some people have not pride enough to object to color, but as this is a southern city, the large majority object. However, should Mr. Whildin succeed in his object, he he will deserve praise for his efforts.

So far, there has been little social intercourse among the deaf aside from private theatre parties and socials.

Mr. and Mrs. Cady Burton have returned from their wedding tour, and have already assumed the happy and contented looks of couples used to married life.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Whitlocke, of Fairview Farm, spent an evening with Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Roberts recently.

Miss O'Callahan at present has charge of her sister's house, and is taking care of her neices during the absence of her sister, who is visiting at Newport News.

Messrs. John Courtney and James Blaine have just returned from the West, whence they were induced to go last summer in search of supposed easy jobs with fat salaries. From what they say, we judge they are no richer than they were when they left, but we trust they are wiser.

Mr. William Lewis reports being attacked by hoboes out in the suburbs of the city, while returning home Sunday, about dark. He escaped with only a scratch or two, but we fear a certain country Miss will miss his company unless there is more mounted "cops" stationed on the road very soon.

Mr. Rink, '03, spent Saturday evening and Sunday with Mr. Souder, at the latter's suit of apartments, and assures us Mr. Souder is still a single man.

Messrs. Souder and Hannan attended a banquet given by the Potomac Boat Club one evening last week.

Misses Katie Senkind and Mamie Dailey take in the "zoo" rather often, just now. Ask them what it is that is so attractive down there just now.

We have seen nothing of Monsieur Le Fevre and his famous horse lately, hence we have no new records to chronicle.

Mr. O. Roberts has already asked leave from his office to attend the opening of Congress, in order that he can be there to greet his namesake the Mormon. Whether he intends to move out to Utah in the near future or not, we cannot say, through his friends are beginning to feel anxious.

A. D. H.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES

DECEMBER 3D, FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y. Holy Commnmion.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Holy Holy Commumion.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J.
St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meeting of the Parishioners of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes on Thursday, Dec. 7th, 8 P.M., in the Guild room.

Sunday, Dec. 10th, 112th anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Memorial service followed by addresses in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 3 P.M.

FANWOOD.

The "Journal's" Art Gallery.

AN INTERESTING COLLECTION.

A Word or Two About Affairs at Fanwood.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Most graduates well remember the old trades school building, destroyed by fire on April 8th, 1895. Also the large collection of photographs that made the printing office a veritable art gallery, and a source of pride to all connected with the JOURNAL. The entire collection, embracing a period of over twenty years, went up in smoke on that memorable night in April. The loss was one that seemed impossible to ever make good. However, we are glad to say that present prospects point to a larger if not better collection than was ever seen before.

For the past few years the collection of photographs has been steadily increasing. Many of them are duplicates of the ones destroyed, some are very rare, but all are interesting. Tacked up on the walls of the printing office store-room are photographs of famous personalities group photographs of nearly all the conventions of the deaf that have been held within fifteen years, also pictures of the leading deaf-mute clubs and organizations, groups and scenes in and around Fanwood that date back to a period long before any of the present generation of Fanwood were born. Among them are pictures of more recent date, showing Fanwood as it is since the military feature has been introduced. To the few old professors here, many of the "ancient" pictures are familiar. Occasionally an old graduate drops in and we youngsters are treated to some very interesting reminiscences called up by the sight of some particular picture or pictures. Gradually we are coming to know the histories of these photographs. They are a never failing source of interest and instruction. By them we can draw comparisons between our present condition and that of bygone generations.

Of course most of the photographs deal with subjects connected with this Institution, but there are many photographs of other schools for the deaf. The Michigan school for the deaf, at Flint, Mich., is very well represented by about twenty different pictures. These pictures were added to the printing office collection by Principal Currier, who brought them from Michigan, where he visited last year. A better place display could not have been selected.

Recently the printing office came into possession of a very valuable collection of photographs. There belonged to the late Prof. Charles W. Van Tassell, and were given to the office by his son, Mr. W. H. Van Tassell. Many of the pictures date way back in the sixties.

There are baseball teams, classes, in both the academical and trade school departments. In some of them we recoginze a few of the individuals, but most of them are strangers to us. Groups of teachers, and officers, and scenes of Fanwood, when Fanwood was yet young. This collection will always be highly prized by the printing office corps.

The store-room is already crowded. There is almost no room for photographs. Back of the Editor's desk is another interesting collection, and if contributions to the JOURNAL's art gallery continue to flow in, the walls from floor to ceiling of the whole room will be filled with photographs. To the visitor in the printing office, these pictures are a very interesting feature, and a thing few would care to miss seeing.

There is little danger, of the collection escaping the notice of anybody.

Mr. Hodgson, who has arranged the collection, is just now puzzled to get the dates of some of the pictures, which are very old, but he hopes to have all settled soon.

Cadets Renner, Rappolt and Keiser wheeled up to the Bronx Zoological Gardens Saturday. The park has been thrown open to the public, but it is not yet finished.

For the past week the boys have been chock full of football enthusiasm. Princeton is a general favorite with them, and many wore orange and black ribbens two or three yards long, with miniature footballs and the like.

The monthly reunion was held last Saturday. The arrangements were in charge of Misses Berry, Hanmer, Caparn, Gertrude Turner and Mr. Emil Mayer. One corner of the girls' sitting room was screened off. Victims were selected by the committee, and pushed inside where a gipsy told their fortunes. The writer had his fortune told. The chief incident in his life will be a bad fall from a bicycle, brought about by a collision with a stump. The gipsy turned ont to be Miss Prudence Burchard. A good time was had by all.

The boys raised enough noise when they learned of Princeton's victory, Saturday. In the girls' study room, the teachers got an idea of how much noise we can make if we try. The supporters of Princeton are happy. Those of Yale feel very blue.

The pupils dispersed for home to spend the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. William Gurney, of Chester, N. Y., was a visitor Sunday. He is getting along finely and was recently married.

KITTANNING, PA.

S. Young, of Indiana, Pa., left last Saturday for a trip to Jamestown, N. Y., and to attend the marriage of his sister, who resides in Buffalo, N. Y.

George Finley rejoices over the possession of a fine skiff which came from Mr. Depas, of Ford City. George said he will present it to the Durante Fishing Club, which has four skiffs, two flat boats and one launch.

I received a word from Roy Brown's friends, who informed me that he left for New Cumberland, W. Va, where he has secured a good position at his trade, which is that of a shoemaker.

Clinton Criag, of Tidal, took breakfast in Widnoor a few days ago, then proceeded to the woods in search of game.

Tobias King, of Tunnelville, has been in a dilapidated condition for several weeks past. He had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, which has taken lots of tender nursing. He is still compelled to carry a cane.

William Heilman, Jr., of Pattonville, has about completed the extensive alterations begun early in the summer on his Patton Street residence, which is now one of the most imposing of the many beautiful homes that adorn the east end of Patton Street.

Charles Friztes, of Rosston, left a few weeks ago for Pittsburg after a few days, pleasantly spent with parents and friends there. He came here with the gratifying news that a party composed of the following deaf-mutes will leave Pittsburg next week on a two days' hunting expedition to "The Famous Eagle Forest" in this county. A. Zeber, R. Friztes, W. Hedrick and others. They will be accompanying the mute hunters, Joss Finley, of this place, C. Friztes and H. Cook, of Rosston.

Miss Mary Jenkins, the dressmaker, is now located in her new quarters in her home at Leechburg. Miss Jenkins is a well liked young woman, and in her new rooms will as she has hertofore done in her old, do her best to please her friends and customers with artistic dressmaking.

William Rogers, who has been conducting a general merchandise business for the past four years at Ridgway, will enter the same business at the same place, in a few days.

Miss Maggie Pounds, of Leechburg, returned from Forstburg, Jefferson County, last week, where she had been called to the bedside of her dead father. Miss Pounds has the sympathy of her many friends in her loss.

Milton Robb, of Leechburg, is happy over the arrival of a young son.

Jos Finley has purchased a new shot gun, so Mr. Rabbit will have to die or leave for parts unknown.

B. Henstock, of Gohheenville, was here and left on Monday for Adrian, where he expects to be engaged for several months in drilling wells for gas. He was employed by the Philadelphia Gas Company, who have the contract for putting down several wells.

The friends of Mrs. Robb, of Leechburg, will learn with pleasure that she is quickly recovering, being able to be out.

Last Saturday evening, at the residence of Mr. Tobias King and his mute sister, of Tunnelville, occurred one of the most enjoyable social events in the history of the town. Miss King proved a charming hostess and graciously received about twenty guests, most of whom reside in the vicinity of Kittanning and Bethel Townships. It was a typical party, taffy pulling and the usual games going together to make up an evening of rare enjoyment.

Dame rumor has it that Miss M. McBride, of Ingram, has accepted a position as an assistant cashier again, with the firm of Heinz Company, of Plttsburg, and a few weeks ago started to take charge of the same. Miss McBride is a competent person for this position, and we join with many friends in wishing her success.

George Finley, the former wood turner of J. F. Keener & Co., has again started his own business at home. We suppose he thinks his share of the panic over.

If you are not a subscriber to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, you should become one at once. No other publication gives so much reading matter for only one dollar.

Passenger Conductor Walker, on the Western Pennsylvania Railway, told us a story the other day that was a little out of the ordinary. About twenty years ago he was running an accommodation train between Butler and Butler Junction. One evening in June his train was coming along at a rapid rate and just about Black Hill the bell cord was pulled and the train came to a stop. Going back to find out what was the matter, the conductor was told that a deaf-mute named Shearer, who lived just across Buffalo Creek, had pulled the cord and when the train slowed up, jumped off. A search was instituted for Shearer and he was found hiding in some bushes. The train men caught and put him in the combination baggage car, and held him until the train started. All the time the conductor kept telling him what a terrible offense he had committed, and what would happen to him. They would first take him to Butler and hand him over to the authorities. The side door of the combination car had a pane of glass in it about fifteen inches square. When the train had gained a headway of thirty miles an hour, the train men let go of their prisoner and went to do something else. Suddenly they heard a crash of breaking glass and turning around, found their prisoner gone. He had run from the opposite side of the car and jumped through the small opening. The train was stopped, and passengers and crew hunted for half an hour, but failed to find their man. They found where he had struck the ground, and bounded through the bushes to the water's edge, but that was all.

The section men just below were ronted out, and they hunted for several hours without success. Time passed on and nothing was heard of the deaf-mute by the conductor, who always was expecting to hear of the finding of his bones in the bnshes where he had crawled to die from his injuries. One day last week a number of men got on a train on the W. P. Road to go to Butler. Now the conductor was running this train and when he entered the car to collect tickets, the deaf-mute wrote a note and asked him if he did not remember of a man jumging out of a window on his train about twenty years ago? He replied that he did. Then the mute said: "Well I am that deaf fellow."

The conductor's pleasure was great, and the way he hung on to Shearer's hand showed how pleased he was. Shearer said he alighted on his feet, and rolled and tumbled into the water, when he struck out and swam across. Hiding on the shore he watched the train men and section men hunting for him with their lanterns. Thus the mystery of twenty years was cleared up in a satisfactory manner. The deaf-mute's home was in Butler Junction.

We must congratulate our young friends, Leonard Palmer, Thomas Jenkins and Milton Robb, on the excellent work, they are doing in the Leechburg Steel Works. We believe the their foremen spoke of the boys highly, as they got their better positions. The boys who are doing the work have certainly reason to feel proud of their better positions. Thomas has held his old position as a cutter for the past six years, and he stands high in the community in which he works.

C. B. Cook, of Rosston, donned his sporting garb, and shouldered his gun, and like a warrior of old started forth to battle, meandering quietly to the woods and jungles along the banks of Crooked Creek wilds. When doing battle, the roar of his musket caused such consternation that even the wild beasts and rare birds beat a hasty retreat to the deep recesses of the forest, to be seen and heard by him no more.

Prof. Allabough, of Edgewood, started out hunting in a section of Butler County two weeks ago and got only one rabbit. To the professor: How many rabbits and pheasants will you get on Thanksgiving Day? We will beat you, and have a heavy load of game.

H.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

DECEMBER.

3—11:00 A.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
3—7:30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
8—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's Parish House, Buffalo.
10—10:30 A.M., St. Paul's Church, Buffalo.
10—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's Church, Buffalo.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
11 Mason Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

Services in the Diocese of Albany

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3.

10.30 A.M., St. John's, Johnstown.
7.30 P.M., St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10.

10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy.
3.00 St. George's, Schenectady.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17.

10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy.
2.00 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24.

10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy.
3.00 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen may be addressed either at "Station C," Albany, N. Y., or Bath-on--the-Hudson, N. Y.

A charge of burglarously entering the dwellinghouse of Sarah Irvine, Story Street, was preferred against Mary Wilson by Constable Dunphy. Prisoner was charged with stealing a lady's costume, a hat, a silver bangle, and other articles. Mr. Spiller, after examining the constable asked for a remand till to-morrow in order that the services of an interpreter might be secured. The Bench concurred with the request.—*Northern Whig, Belfast, Ireland.*

OHIO.

A Dumb Lady Cured by Prayer.

NEARLY 500 PUPILS.

The News of the Week Briefly Chronicled.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Turkey, Turkey! is the chief talk reaching one's eyes now-a-days as he mingles among the pupils. And the poor bird if it could understand the base designs intended upon it, what would it not do to escape its fate? Thanksgiving Day merely means war upon the fine bird, and enormous will be the slaughter. And still they come and go. Their tribe instead of decreasing, multiplies each year, and what would be Thanksgiving Day to the average American without the bird forming the center dish of the feast round which we annually gather to give thanks to the Giver of all good things, but really to enjoy a feast of good things for the inner man. Preparations for the day are already under, way and the pupils will not be among those who will go without a good extra dinner.

There may be some truth in the following and then there may not. We give it for what it is worth.

TOPEKA, KAN., Nov. 21.—A dispatch from Ft. Scott says that Miss Lena Lightburn, an intellectual young lady school teacher, formerly of Anthony, Kan., but now of Long Branch, Cal., testifies upon oath in the Kansas Court of Appeals in this city to having been healed by a miracle as wonderful as those performed by Christ upon earth. The declaration is made in nice but emphatic terms in her deposition, just filed in court here. Some years ago, while she was teaching school in Anthony, she was struck by an engine while driving across a Wichita & Western Railway crossing, and, besides being seriously injured, she was so badly frightened that she completely lost her voice.

As a consequence she was compelled to give up her profession, and about two years later, while her $10,000 damage suit against the railroad was pending, and after eminent physicians both in Kansas and California had informed her that no earthly agency could bring her relief from the great pain of body and mind which she had suffered since the accident, she went to her room and threw herself completely upon the mercy of the Savior. She prayed for an hour, when suddenly she experienced an instinctive feeling that her prayers would be answered, and soon her voice was restored and her pain passed away. Now, she avers, she is in perfect health.

The steel plant at the southern outskirts of the city forms an interesting object for a visit and frequently pupils of the school and others are taken down to inspect the process of making steel.

There are several deaf persons employed there, Messrs. James Smith, Frank Evans and John Eshlman. The first named works at night and when any of the deaf come there he acts as guide and points out to them the chief features. The other evening a party consisting of Miss Eva Nuft, of Hamden Junction; Miss Biggam, Miss Munnell, and Mrs. Rion Hoel, with Messrs. C. W. Charles, Albert Ohlemacher and Frank Jones, spent an hour or so there, being shown about Mr. James Smith.

Class work in the gymnasium was last week, but it will be a little time yet before things get into good working order. The printing force was treated to a fine lot of apples from their foreman, Mr. Charles. It was the latter's birthday, and he has made it an occasion to remember those under him to a treat of this kind.

"Superba" was given in one of the theatres this week, and last evening a theatrical party of the deaf attended it and enjoyed the play very much. The party was made up of Messrs. Charles, Zorn, Zell, Ohlemacher, Philpott, and Frank Jones and Misses Nutt, Biggam, Cattrill, Munnell and Mrs. Hoel.

The combined duties of Gymnasium Instructor and attendant, which Mr. Ohlemacher started out to do, failed to give satisfaction, and hence he was relieved of the latter work the first of the week. Mr. August Beckert, a last June's graduate, and who for some time was assistant janitor of the new school building, has been appointed, and entered up on the duties of attendant.

Elmer Siegfried, of Akron, was here Sunday, mingling among friends. He is agent for a lead pencil company, which business takes him all over the country. He left here Sunday evening for Lancaster.

Miss Jennie Campbell was taking in the sights of the Institution, and especially the new school building, Thursday. She will soon leave for Evanstown, Illinois, to make her home with her sister.

Several more pupils came in this week, and the number now registered is 484, the highest ever obtained in the history of the School. Some of the oral classes are overcrowded, and to relieve them a new teacher has been appointed. She arrived Thursday, and after a few weeks' training will be given a class in the 4th primary grade. Her name is Miss Belle O'Young, from Ripley, Ohio, and has had experience as a teacher in the public schools.

The Columbus Deaf-Mutes' Reading Club has decided to give a social on the evening of December 9th. It will be held in the girls' recreation hall. The proceeds realized therefrom are to go to the Barn Fund of the Home. By the way, that fund is creeping up at a pretty good rate. The amount already in bank and promised foots up over $200.

There was a wagon load of furniture in the institution grounds, Thursday noon, while the driver, Mr. Harah, and the team were taking their dinners. The furniture was the purchase of the Ladies' Aid Society, for the superintendent's and matron's room of the Home.

The pupils from among the higher classes have organized a reading club. Superintendent Jones has provided them a room, and they propose to stock it with the leading periodicals and newspapers. The membership fee will be 25 cents. The officers are Harley Drake, President; Warren Albert, Secretary; Avory Van Emmon, Treasurer; David Freidman, Librarian.

Mr. McGregor on the return home from his lecture for the "Lit" Society of Gallaudet College, December 30th, will stop over in Philadelphia and lecture before the Clerc Literary Association of that city, on the evening of January 1st, 1900.

Mr. George Martin, who assisted in doing the painting about the institution during vacation, and has since then been doing like work and odd jobs for the deaf in Columbus, will return to his home in Wood County, next week, for the winter.

Mr. Charles Harah was visiting friends in the city, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. A. W. Mann was also here Wednesday and Thursday.

The folding rooms of the bindery are deserted for want of paper. Some of the ladies employed there are mean while visiting friends out of town. Miss Emma Bard is at Grove City with her sister, Mrs. S. Kingry; Miss Dresback at her home, Mrs. Willing just back from a visit to relatives in the eastern part of the State, while Misses Fowlis, Littell, Hewitt, Prouty, McRedmond and others occasionally drop over to the place only to find no piles of paper and hence no work. There will be little for them to do before the middle of January. The result of Gallaudet Annapolis football game last Saturday, was known here in the evening, as the afternoon papers of Columbus published the scores.

Nov. 25, '99. A. B. G.

IOWA.

From our Iowa Correspondent.

The second wealthiest deaf-mute in Dubuque is Arnold Kiene, who was educated at the Iowa School for the Deaf, and passed through Gallaudet College with honors and received his sheepskin with some kind of a degree attached. He is connected with his brother Paul in the Dubuque rubber furnishing store. His brother, Peter Kiene, Jr., is president of the Dubuque Water Works, and is also president of the Home Insurance Company. The City Council is trying to get possession of the water works by purchase. But the water Works Company holds on to it for what money there is in it, and so two mighty bulls are locking horns in the controversy for the possession of the plant. It remains to be seen which one will be on top through the intricacies of court proceedings in the matter. It is a matter of local interest, as the people by a large majority at the polls decided that the city should possess it through all honorable means.

There will be some agitation among the deaf-mutes about the establishment of the Eastern Iowa school for the Deaf. There is a bill still pending in the legislature for this purpose, and it will be brought up again, not by one, but by several mutes who have taken interest in the matter. There is some opposition to this, but as Ex-Governor Jackson in his message to the legislature, made the fact known that there were about 1123 deaf children of school age in the State, there will necessarily be something done for another school. About 300 attend the school at Council Bluffs, and this leaves an awful large number out to grow up in ignorance. One blind deaf girl is being educated while there are three others being kept at home without any education at all, and there is no means to help them.

NOTICE.

The social meeting in the Parish House of St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, on the evening of December 8th, 1899, will be in the nature of a celebration of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. All are cordially invited to attend.

C. ORVIS DANTZER.

Married.

On Wednesday evening, November 15th, at 16½ Jefferson St., Newark, N. J., by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. Emil F. Scheifler and Miss Ellen C. Hutchinson.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

AN ELEPHANT'S CUNNING.

HE KNEW HOW TO TURN THE TABLES UPON HIS TORMENTOR.

This is a good story of an elephant's intelligence. The animal in question was a mere baby when he was sent by an Indian prince to England as a present for Queen Victoria.

He was shipped as a deck passenger by some of the Indian mail steamers from Bombay, and as he had but attained the height of a well grown calf and was always most docile and tractable, he was permitted to have the run of the decks for an hour or two every morning when the state of the weather permitted. By the sailors he was dubbed the "bos'n's mate," owing to the penchant he had for carefully picking up every loose coil of rope that he could find and then throwing it over the side, being, as Jack said, "as bad as a naval lieutenant for keeping the decks tidy."

Among other acquaintances that he formed was that of the ship's baker, whose address he soon discovered to be the place of origin of all the sweet dainties with which he was petted. Here he took to making a regular morning call for something sweet, for tiffin and was generally regaled with a stale tart or piece of cake, but upon calling one morning and extending his trunk, as usual, he found that his visit was unwelcome, as something had occurred to irritate the baker, and instead of the cake he received a blow on his trunk with the rolling pin.

The blow was not severe, but the "bos'n" turned tail and went trumpeting up the deck, where he took a post that would enable him to watch for his assailant. Before long he saw the baker leave his "shop," and mischief being his object rather than malice he promptly marched down, and with several vigorous sweeps of his trunk he swept all the shelves in the bakery clear, until loaves, tarts, cakes, patty pans and cake tins lay in confusion on the deck. This achieved, he bolted like any schoolboy and was locked up in disgrace, but upon the circumstances being known the popular verdict was in his favor, and he was allowed his liberty as before.

"Bos'n" marched down instanter to the baker, and never failed from that day to exact tribute, which was regularly paid, and from that time he and his opponent became fast friends.—*Golden Penn.*

Dewey As a Disciplinarian.

HIS METHOD OF SUBDUING SOME REFRACTORY SAILORS.

"I was with Commodore Dewey when he was the executive officer of the Colorado," said a financier, "and I remember one incident which shows the manner of man he is. We had a fine crew, some of whom were the most powerful men I ever saw. Four or five of them went ashore one day and came back fighting drunk.

"Three of them were men who would singly have been more than a match in strength for John L. Sullivan. The order was given to put them in irons, and it was found impossible to carry out the order, for the men were dangerous. Dewey was notified of the situation. He was writing a letter in his room at the time.

"He went to the place where these giants were and he told them to come out and submit to the irons. They did not stir. Then Dewey said quietly so an orderly, 'Bring me my revolvers,' and when he had his revolvers he again called upon the men to come out, but they did not move. Then he said: 'I am going to count three. If you are not out here with your hands held up on the third count, you won't come out of that place alive.'

"He counted one, then he cocked his revolvers, and he counted two. We all expected to hear the report, for we knew that Dewey meant what he said. The men knew it too. They stepped out just in time to save their lives and held up their hands, and they had been partially sobered by their fright and the moral effect of Dewey's glance.

"One of them said afterward that when he saw Dewey's eyes he knew that he would either be a dead Jackie in a moment or he would have to yield, and when the irons were put upon him he was as sober as he ever was in his life. Dewey went back to his room and finished the letter he was writing."
—*Philadelphia Press.*

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Four Convention Souvenir Groups.

1. At Minnehaha Falls (Minneapolis). Delegates group on on the steps. Though this group was taken in the rain at dark, it is nevertheless very good.
2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.
3. In the Park at the Picnic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

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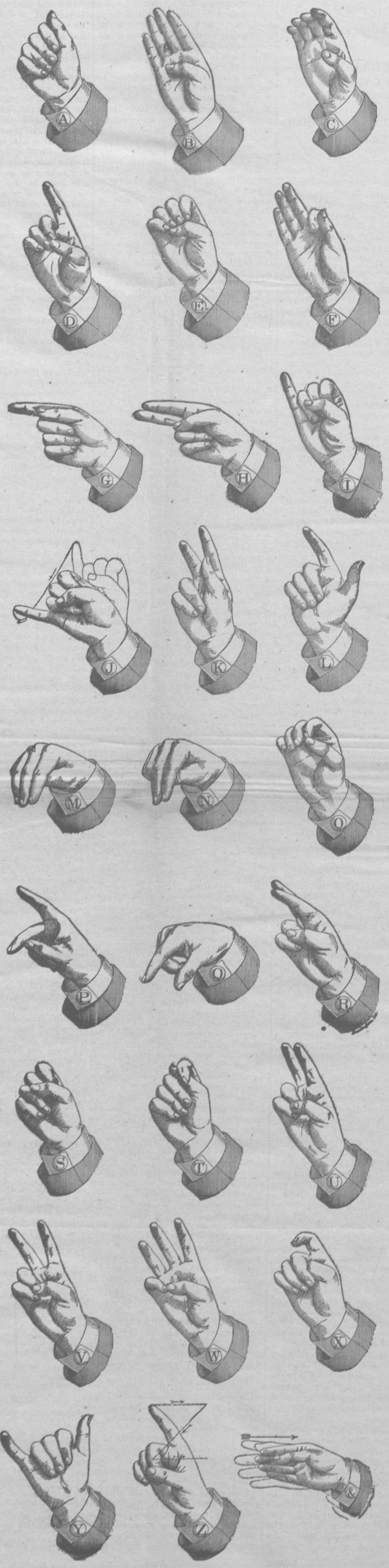
ALPHABET CARDS.

50	Cards, with name,	.35
100	" " "	.50
250	" " "	1.00
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100	" " "	.35
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FINE VISITING CARDS.

50	Cards (no alphabets).	.35
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American Manual Alphabet.



The League of Elect Surds

WILL GIVE AN

ENTERTAINMENT
AND
BALL

ON

Monday Evening, Dec. 4, 1899

Birthday Anniversary of Isaac Lewis Peet



"THRILLBY."

AT LYRIC HALL

6th Ave. bet. 41 and 42 Sts.

MUSIC BY PROF. AMBROSE K. REIFF

Admission, - - - 50 cents

A beautiful silver-ornamented pincushion—the gift of Mr. Charles L. Schindler, a member of the League, will be presented to the lady winning in an unique contest.

PROGRAMME—BEGINNING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M.

PART I
ADDRESS.
Remarks, by Enoch Henry Currier, M.A., Principal of the New York Institution, on the Life and Work of the late Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D.

PART II
"THRILLBY"
a roaring burlesque in one scene and several spasms.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Taffy.....Mr. I. N. Soper
Little Billee.....Mr. T. I. Lounsbury
The Laird.....Mr. A. L. Pach
Svengali.....Mr. W. G. Jones
"Thrillby".....Mr. C. J. Le Clercq

PART III
GYMMASTIC EXHIBITIONS BY STUDENTS OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION.
1. Parallel Bars.....12 picked students
2. Ground Tumbling and Head Balancing.....By the Junior Sextettes
3. Feats of Strength.....Messrs. Calder and Cook
4. Gymnastic Sketch.....
"Tell it to him; he never heard it."

PART IV
COMPANY DRILL.
Military Drill and Evolutions, by the prize-winning Company of the New York Institution Cadets.

Dancing, under the direction of competent floor managers, with first-class music.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Business Manager.*
THOMAS F. FOX, *Director of Entertainment.*

LEXINGTON OPERA HOUSE

58th Street, near 3d Avenue
Manhattan Borough, N. Y.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

REPRESENTED IN THE COMMITTEE:

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM, Chairman.
ARTHUR C. BACHRACH, Treasurer.
ADOLPH PFEIFFER, GEORGE M. TAGGARD, MARX LEVY

Remarkable Affair, Composed of the Following:

TENTH YEAR VAUDEVILLE! TENTH YEAR
TENTH YEAR VAUDEVILLE! TENTH YEAR
TENTH YEAR VAUDEVILLE! TENTH YEAR

ALL FOR A GRAND RECEPTION! FIFTY CENTS
ALL FOR A GRAND RECEPTION! FIFTY CENTS
ALL FOR A GRAND RECEPTION! FIFTY CENTS

Thursday, January 18, 1900

Balcony and Five First Rows,
Reserved Seats, Seventy-Five Cents

MUSIC BY DAVIS' BAND.

THE CURTAIN WILL RISE AT EIGHT O'CLCCK.
DANCING WILL COMMENCE AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.
NO CHARGE FOR HAT CHECKS

P. S.—PROFESSIONAL TALENT WILL APPEAR ON THE STAGE, ENGAGED PRINCIPALLY TO PLEASE THE EYE, AND INCIDENTALLY TO DELIGHT THE EAR.